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#### GIVE CHINA A CHANCE.

THE ORDER TO THE AMERICAN TROOPS to begin withdrawing at once from China is a step in the right direction. It is high time that all the powers began doing the same thing. The Boxer insurrection has been suppressed, the ringleaders are being executed at a lively rate, China has agreed in general terms to all the demands of the foreigners. Only the details as to the amount of indemnity to be paid remain to be adjusted, and this can be done through the ordinary diplomatic channels. A sufficient guard to insure the safety of the legations is all that is necessary in China.

A longer occupation of the empire by foreign troops will serve only to rouse greater bitterness against Europeans and Americans. The conduct of the troops has, in many cases, been far from exemplary. Looting has been carried on by the Europeans to an intolerable extent. The temples of the Chinese have been profaned and their most historic treasures seized and packed off to Europe. The excursions that are repeatedly being made by the foreign troops whenever there is the least excuse must, for the most part, have an irritating rather than a pacifying effect. China has suffered enough from the presence of the allies, and to continue the occupation after the necessity for it was ceased is little less than criminal.

It is true that the Chinese are not to be trusted, but they have learned a esson of late that they are not likely soon to forget. It is not likely that once the foreigners leave the country the Chinese will be in a hurry to do anything that will result in bringing them back. Their punishment has been severe, every action of their officials has been in the line of conciliation, and they are at least entitled to a chance to govern themselves, and endeavor to recover from the disaster that the folly of the Boxers brought upon the nation.

#### POOR ECONOMY.

WING TO THE AVERSION of some of the councilmen to pledging Og-den to furnish \$2,500 a year for the support Mr. Carnegie has offered that city, the gift may be lost. Mr. Carnegie goes on the theory that in helping others they should also be taught to help themselves and he makes no gifts where the municipality is not willing to maintain and improve the donation.

It is difficult to see why councilmen feel called upon to throw away an offer of \$25,000 so well invested as it would be in a library, when its acceptance entails only an annual outlay of \$2,500. There is no way of estimating the value of a good library to a community. If there were, it is safe to say that the figures would show that in cold cash the institution was worth far more than \$2,500 a year to a city the size of Ogden, aside from its purely entertaining and convenient features. As an educator of all classes the value of the library is inestimable. It raises the standard of the individual and ultimately the standard of government. With a public library in operation in Ogden for a few years it would scarcely be possible to find a council, a majority of whose members considered \$2,500 a year of more value to the city than a \$25,000 public library. Aside from its educative benefits, it furnishes at least harmless recreation for the idle and is a Mecca for many who would otherwise spend their evenings loafing upon the streets. The increase in cost to the taxpayers will scarcely be felt and the benefits will be im-

#### A DELIGHTFUL FUNCTION.

NE OF THE MOST PLEASANT of the many social functions of last week was the pink duel given by Count Boni de Castellane and M. de Rodays. The duel was given for the count's honor. It was a most delightful affair. M. de Rodays received and Count Boni, assisted by his seconds, served. The select few who were lucky enough to receive invitations enjoyed a most agreeable morning. The only marring feature was the accidental wounding of M. de Rodays in the leg through the carelessness of the seconds in neglecting to withdraw the bullet from the count's pistol.

The charming hosts were beautifully gowned in frock coats, the collars of which were draped au blizzarde, thus concealing the white neckwear which otherwise might have offered something of a target. This prevented any possibility of the participants geiting it vulgarly in the neck.

When the word "fire" was given both gentlemen bowed politely, elevated their pistols and after carefully shutting their eyes pulled the triggers. It was then that the unlooked for accident spoken of occurred. M. de Rodays, however, was equal to the occasion and did a graceful sparrow hop on his oft leg until his seconds could reach and support him. The count, after carefully wrapping up his regenerated honor in idedoform gauze and chamois skin, advanced and grasped M. de Rodays feelingly by the hand. An exchange of Queen Elizabeth," remarked the ex-ascongratulations followed and the pleasant little party broke up, all agreeing that a most delightful time had been had.

It is a pity that the French duel is not more popular in this country. It affords a harmless and most enjoyable morning's entertainment and results in such friendly and cordial feelings between all concerned that it would prove a most refreshing innovation in America. The time is ripe for its introduction, for since bean bags and tiddledewinks have become passe, something of this innocent nature is needed to break in upon the ennul

#### DEWET'S INSANITY.

THE ENGLISH CORRESPONDENTS HAVE DISCOVERED that Christian Dewet is crazy. They have found many symptoms that lead to the belief that the shifty Boer has lost his reason. His officers say that he keeps his secrets and tells them little about his plans. So far does he carry this that he even sleeps outside the camp, accompanied by only a few trusty followers, so that his subordinates never know where to find him. Neither do the English. He even refuses to consider himself whipped or to stop fighting on any terms short of independence. It is not strange, then, that the English should believe Dewet has become mentally unbal-

While not questioning the theory, it must be admitted that Dewet is one of the most successfully crazy men that has been heard of in some time. His condition reminds one of an incident during the civil war. The charge was made to Lincoln that Grant had been intoxicated at the battle of Shiloh. Lincoln's answer was that if that were the case he wished every general in the northern army would fill up on the same sort of liquor whenever they got in close quarters with the enemy.

1/ Dewet has lost his senses, it might not be a bad thing for some of the British generals to learn the cause and give themselves a similar course of treatment with a view to populating their belfries with the same species of bats that are said to inhabit his. A brand of lunacy that will enable a man with a handful of soldiers to successfully elude a force such as the British have in South Africa and at the same time inflict no end of damage on his enemies is worth having. When one's life and success depends on keeping his movements and plans secret it is well to be crazy enough to hold one's tongue. The frenzy that leads one to fight for nothing short of independence may be a very violent and hopeless type when displayed by Boers and Filipinos, but there was a time when it was looked upon as the chief ornament of some of the world's greatest men. There is, however, po question that Dewet is crazy. He has defied all the rules of stratery known to modern students of warfare, he has refused to be beaten when he ought to have been, he has only once made use of the typewriter as an engine of destruction and he now refuses to quit fighting until he can find someone able to defeat him. These are assuredly evidences of the last stages of mental

### WOMAN VS. MAN.

THE NEW YORK WORLD recently made a comparison between the strength of women and men as shown by the records of Vassar college and men's colleges. The results indicate that the women are equal in strength to boys of 14 and 15, but far below men. They run 50 per cent more slowly, can jump only 65 per cent as far, and the distance they can throw a baseball is only 45 per cent what a man can do.

From this it looks as if women were physically very much inferior to men. But these returns should not be taken as conclusive. For instance, in the matter of running, though a college woman may be able to travel over a cinder track only half as fast as a man, it has been demonstrated time and again that a housewife, handicapped by a broom, can do a sprint round a center table or a hurdle race over chairs and keep within hitting distance of the speediest man that ever wore shoe leather. She may not be able to jump with dumb-bells quite so handily as a man, but when it comes to jumping at conclusions no man who has ever taken refuge behind the odor of cloves will deny her superior skill and agility. Turn a mouse loose in her presence, and no Yale or Harvard athlete can beat her leaps and bounds. Baseballs she may not be able to twirl with masculine skill, but in throwing kisses, soup plates, flatirons and other domestic implements

It would be as fair to judge of the abilities of a fish by the way it flops around in the bottom of a boat as to judge a woman by what she does in college. Her native element is the home, and it is there we must go for records. If any man considers himself his wife's superior in physical strength, let him enter a sweeping or bed-making contest with her, but first let him lay in a good supply of liniment, for he'll need it in the

The much-talked-of Buffet-de Roulede duel seems to have been pretty much on the opera bouffe order.

The Utah legislature finds it easier to break the Sabbath than the legislating habit.

The police have become so vigilant of late that it is dangerous to carry a

SOCIETY NOTES.

Mrs. Eva Coltrin and Francis Pascoe were married last evening at the home of Mrs. E. L. Crockwell, 4 Phipps court. Judge Morris Sommer performed the ceremony. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served, covers being laid for forty.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Felt of Fourth street entertained at dinner Wednesday evening. Flowers were in abundance and covers were laid for eight. Those present were: Professor Buller of Logan, Mr. Monson of Richmond, Miss Ida Felt, Miss Dottie Felt, Miss Annie Felt and Miss Minnie Cutler.

PIRATE QUEEN DESCENDANT. One Reason Why Assemblyman O'Malley is So Hard to Beat.

(New York Tribune.)
There is a member of the assembly this year who boasts that he is a descendant of a queen, and, what may seem still more remarkable, of a pirate

in the parlor of the Tub. Mr. Ford is a relative of the Erie assemblyman, and he was sitting in that hostelry famous in Albany for the politicians and newspaper men who lodge there, and which is called the Tub, more because there is called the Tub, more because there are Turkish baths to be had there than the transfer of the account.

Returning to the two products of the same and the same are suite "for any way a same are same are suite "for any way a same are same a

small island not far from the shores of the Emerald isle. Her immediate subjects were pirates, and so loyal were they to her sceptre and such good fight-ers were they that she swept up and down the English channel, conquering and capturing every kind of craft that

t was in the time of Queen Eliza-and Sir Walter Raleigh. Queen Elizabeth heard from one source and another of this wonderful pirate queen, and sent a fleet out to capture her and bring her to London in chains. But Queen Mell was too resourceful. When she heard that the fleet was coming she held her brigands in hiding and had the hostile ships had arrived and had moored near the island.

"Then at night she sent a merchantman that she had captured into the fleet with the crew instructed to act like the sailors of a peaceful trade ship. Well, the captain of the crew conferred with the admiral of the fleet, told him that the merchantman had almost been captured by the pirate queen, and of-fered to pilot the fleet where it could capture Queen Mell. The consequences were that the captain ran the whole fleet onto the rocks, admiral and all.

"For years after that Queen Mell was undisputed mistress of her island and the seas around. When Ireland quieted down, as it did occasionally, she would land some of her bands on its shores for a physiciar to the season of the for a plundering tour, taking back to her own little island sheep and oxen enough for a hundred barbecues. Well, the story got rather stale in the London evening papers and finally Queen Elizabeth, finding that she was not the equal of her rival in war sought to gain her favor by peaceful means. Accord-ingly she went to Ireland and set up her court on the shore opposite the is-land of Queen Mell. Then she sent envoys to the pirate monarch, offering her a part of the firm, green surface of Ireland if she would only settle down and behave herself."

"A most remarkable compromise for more

what is more," said the ex-"her descendant here has lost none of her fighting blood.

### way you can beat O'Malley is to make peace with him." MAN OF MANY CRIMES.

Ross Raymond Again in Jail-This Time For Fraud.

(Philadelphia North American.) Ross Raymond, bon vivant and forger, literateur and convict, companion of kings, scholar, poet and thief, lies in a New York prison cell, and another chapter has been added to the most amazing criminal narrative of the age. This time he is "Alfred Parsons, Lord Rosse of Burr Castle, Ireland." He as arrested a few days ago in New was arrested a few days ago in New Haven, Conn., for an attempted fraud upon President Hadiey of Yale college. Then it was learned that he was the person who had a week or so earlier obtained \$200 from former Postmaster General James, president of the Lincoln National bank of New York, on a forged check bearing the signature of forged check bearing the signature of the private secretary to Seth Low, president of the Columbia college. He was identified as Haymond only yes-

Only the pen of a Hugo or a Gautier alld adequately set down the story of sss Raymond's forty-seven years of e. The mention of his name—or that which he is best known—will carry vivid appeal to men and women hroughout the civilized world. Many of these are Philadelphians. He lived of these are Philadelphians. He lived here for months early and late, and as recently as six months ago.

He is a citizen of the world. You could not mention the name of a man or woman of note from Hongkong to New York but he would answer with an anecdote of his intimate acquaintance with that person. He has nob-nobbed with royalty, with statesmen, savants, the elite of the world, and he has broken stone in prisons from the Orient to the Golden Gate.

He first became known in this coun-He first became known in this country some fifteen or twenty years ago, and signalized his advent by a forgery which sent him to Sing Sing. Upon his release he made the acquaintance of William H. Seymour, the

original admiral of "Pinafore," and through his influence obtained an edi-torial position on the Baltimore News. long afterwards he came to Philadelphia and was given a place on the Times, where he did notable jour-nalistic work for two years.

nalistic work for two years.

One night Raymond was missing, and nothing was heard of him for months. Then news came that he was editing a newspaper in Allahabad, India. He left there to join the British troops in Egypt, and next came to attention as correspondent for the London Standard, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

After this he again passed into the shadows until 1882, when he performed the most remarkable exploit of his ca-

In Egypt, it afterwards developed, he had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Poixette, wife of the American consulat Lyons, France. Gaining her confidence, he learned all that was necessary of her husband, and, appearing one day in Lyons, he introduced himself to the consulas a syn of Henry I. self to the consul as a son of Henry J. Raymond, editer of the New York

the most remarkable exploit of his ca

It was not long before he had won the consul's favor, and soon he was the center of the American set in the French city.

He was wined and dined and feted

with the utmost prodigality, and when he became short of ready money Mr. Poixette was only too glad to cash a check for 5.000 francs. By the time the check was proved bogus Raymond had

While the authorities were still lookthe Hotel Splendide, in Paris, a turbaned individual of Oriental aspect, with a large retinue of servants in Egyptian dress.

The chief of the party called for the propertor and engaging his absolute

The chief of the party called for the proprietor, and, engaging his absolute secrecy, confided the statement that he was private secretary of the khedive of Egypt, who would follow him in a day or two. His royal master was traveling incognito, owing to the financial complications, but that would detract nothing from his eastern bounty. The secretary had been instructed to make a gift to the hotel keeper—anything the latter might choose.

thing the latter might choose.

They went to Ravaut, the jeweler in the Rue de la Paix, and there the stranger selected a magnificent gold watch, studded with the richest of gems, had the hotel man's initials set in diamonds in the case, and presented it to him, with the compliments of the khedive. The gift in all cost some

seem still more remarkable, of a pirate queen. The assemblyman is Edward R. O'Malley of Eric county, and those who have heard him tell of his royal ancestors call him "Prince O'Malley," or, what is more frequently heard, "the prince."

The story was never told better than by ex-Senator Ford the other evening in the parlor of the Tub. Mr. Ford is a relative of the Eric assemblyman, and relative of the Eric assemblyman and story of the trie assemblyman and those who have heard him tell of his royal ancestors call him "Prince O'Malley," or what is more frequently heard, "The secretary carelessly went over a list of other presents which he was commissioned to be stown in Paris, and had \$15,000 worth of diamonds in the case, and presented it to him, with the compliments of the khedive. The gift in all cost some \$1,200.

are Turkish baths to be had there than because its proprietor is in any way a Diogenes. The ex-senator, as he spoke, addressed his remarks to ex-Assembly-man Oliver, better known as "Jimmy Oliver, of Paradise Parks."

"Well," began Mr. Ford, "it is with pride that I can say that Ed here is the descendant of a queen. Her name was Queen Mell, and she ruled over a small island not far from the shores of the complex stretched from door to complex stretched from doo vants and attaches with royal hand, had the suite filled with the rarest flowers, canopies stretched from door to curb, and carpets containing the khedive's coat-of-arms laid in the apartments. Not a detail was lacking. The names to which his retainers answered were those of the khedive's own suite, and to every query he could re-

> In England he gained the confidence of the Right Honorable Joseph Cham-berlain, now colonial secretary, and forged his name to a check for more than \$20,000. Later he served ten years

turn a quick and sure answer

than \$20,000. Later he served ten years in Brentwood prison for a similar crime with the name of George Augustus Sala, the eminent writer.

Returning to America, he became attached to the New York Herald, and when Garfield was dying at Elberton wrote letters of exceptional ability to that pages.

that paper.

Two years ago he came to Philadelphia and was made city editor of the Times. He held the position but a short time and disappeared to begin his swindling operations once more. afterwards he turned up in Milwaukee. He claimed to be a British office: and presented forged letters from Adjutant General Corbin and a number of oth-

General Corbin and a number of others, borrowed a large sum of money and was arrested and sent to the work house. He disappeared again until his latest arrest at New Haven.
Raymond should have lived in the time of the Borgias. He is mediaeval in his crimes. He has the soul of a poet. He can sit at a cafe table and entertain a company of marked brilliancy with tales of personal adventure undreamed of by the most fanciful novelist. He would move you to tears reciting in his soft, sweet tones Shelly's "Ode to a Skylark," as, I heard him one night in a Chestnut street him one night in a Chestnut street restaurant, and next moment, if he knew you well enough, he would laugh-ingly tell you how his cellmate in some

when he was just beginning to enter the iron business from which grew the \$400,000,000 properties just sold to J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Carnegie at that time lived in a little frame cot-

nia railroad. It was along in 1864 and he is stalking elk. He is quite as Mr. Carnegie was paying attentions to mish ty a hunter as Roosevelt, and he is a tall, athletic mountaineer. When the Montana hunter said fareand beautiful daughter of the editor of the Pittsburg Gazette. Mr. Carnea visit to Mr. Scott, his superior, to have the latter meet "his Annie."

and one of the hondsomest and most entertaining men in the United States. He had largely made young Carnegie what he was then, and the latter fairly worshiped his patron. And his desire to have Mr. Scott meet Miss Riddle was in the nature of bestowing an honor upon his friend.

Young Carnegie confided his intentions of controls in the controls of the control of the control

tions to a friend, but the latter disapproved of the arrangement, and doubted the wisdom of the act. He pointed out that Mr. Scott was so handome, so dignified and so accomplished, o winning when he wanted to be, and he was a widower—he was sure to woo and win the sweet young girl. But

woo and win the sweet young girl. But young Carnegie was proud and stubborn, and his only reply to his friend was that if any other man in the world could win his sweetheart away from him he did not want her.

The introduction took place. The handsome Mr. Scott wooed and won and wed, and when he died some years later he left his widow many millions and a number of children. Mr. Carnegie did not marry until late in life, his strong, determined character being exhibited in many ways in his brilliant and successful business life, in which he accumulated ten times the wealth and distinction of his patron of the land distinction of his patron of the land of the vice president.

It was Mr. Hot appointment of a resolution took president was adopted Mr. Roosevelt appointed. Senators Allison and Cockrell as the committee.

Mr. Allison shifted uneasily. "I think," he said, "that some other senator ought to be appointed." "Then the chair will name the senator ought to be appointed." Mr. Aldrich shook his head and went through all manner of pantomime to indicate to Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. and distinction of his patron of the later '60s. His happy married life in New York, in wealth the peer of any in the world, his worship not money, though he has it beyond the dreams of avarice—his worship, his wife and daughter, his delight to do good, are well known to every Pittsburger. The incident of early life was told to illustrate the strong character of the present steel king as a brilliant young Pittsburger, and the fact that while he would defy hate he would play second fiddle to no man.

The incident of early life was told to illustrate the senate laughed.

MR. ASTOR'S STUPID BOOK.

One Story is an Unexciting Old Manuscript.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

(New York Press.)

No woman ever wishes she was a man unless she has failed to be a woman.

The microbes had a mothers' meeting the other day and voted that the short walking skirt was immoral.

Being in love and being seasick are about the same, when you have either one you wish it was the other.

The woman who intends to have her own way afterward never kicks at the word "obey" in the marriage service.

There are only two things which make life worth living to a man of to a woman. To a man, a great love or a great hate; to a woman, a great love or a great sorrew.

A Genuine Income Tax. (Baltimore American.)
Beggars are taxed in China. There, evidently, the financial possibilities of the profession are frankly recognized. SENATE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

meeting Mr. Roosevelt in the corridor, "you talk just a little bit too low."

The next day there was a revolution, a transformation. The vice president's voice resounded through the senate chamber like the explosion of a thirteen-inch gun. It woke the echoes in the galleries and reverberated through the corridors until it went roll-

ing down the avenues of time.

"Mr. President," said Senator Lodge to Mr. Roosevelt, as they passed each other in the corridor, "yau talk just a little bit too loud." Roosevelt threw up both hands. Without saying a word he disappeared in his private office.

The chaplain of the senate is blind. The first day of the new senate he stood at his accustomed place, seeing nothing, but keenly alive for the signal which should start him upon his When all was ready the vice presi-

dent waved his hand in the direction of the chaplain. There was no response. Roosevelt waited a moment in uncer-

"He's blind," whispered the clerk.
"The chaplain will offer prayer," announced Mr. Roosevelt, and with this satisfactory cue the blind preacher besatisfactory cue the blind preacher began to address the throne of grace.

Mr. Roosevelt occupies the vice president's room, which is just back of the senate chamber and adjoining the marble room. It is a very handsomely furnished room, with a magnificent mahogany desk, an eight-day clock that is a dream, and a picture of George Washington which must inspire any man dwelling within its atmosphere. knew you well enough, he would laughingly tell you how his cellmate in some foreign chain gang had once tried to kill him because he held aloof from "such cattle."

But the real story of Raymond cannot be written until Raymond is no more.

ROMANCE IN CARNEGIE'S LIFE.

ROMANCE IN CARNEGIE'S LIFE.

Proud of His Sweetheart, Introduces

Row washington which must inspire any man delling within its atmosphere.

At the mahogany desk Mr. Roosevelt sits when he is not presiding over the senate. His mail is very heavy just now, and many of the letters convey to him the interesting information that little boy babies have been named after him. One of these letters, which he received the other day, was unusually interesting. It was from an Italian in New York, who had become the father of twins. "I wanted the twins named was the answer, "And the strangest part of it is that Queen Mell came ashore and took luncheon with the English sovereign. After luncheon it was agreed that Queen Mell should lay down her arms and burn her ships and make her home in Ireland, with a great strip of land for her estate. It appears, too, that the two queens took a great fancy to each other."

"I can understand that," remarked the ex-assemblyman again. "I guess they found much in each other that was congenial."

"And, what is more "And the strangest IN CARNEGIE'S LIFE.

"Carnegie's LIFE.

"Levening Wisconsin.)

Interesting Stories of the early life of Andrew Carnegie are being recalled since the negotiations for his retirement from the steel business began. Many of the stories center around the days when Mr. Carnegie was superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania railroad, at a time when he was just her into the steel of two not with the twin named McKinley and Roosevelt," wrote the happy father, "but when we took them to church the priest would name them after two saints. If you will look at the health record," added the crafty parent, you will find that they are down as McKinley and Roosevelt just the same."

Mr. Roosevelt aughed as he read the letter. "Send two photographs," he said to his secretary.

"With frames?" asked a visitor.

"Oh dean no."

It is a characteristic of Roosevelt that the door to his handsome room, that time lived in a little frame cottage that still stands at Penn and Lang avenues, with his mother, of whom he was passionately fond. His brother, Thomas M. Carnegie, had married earlier and lived not far away.

One story of an early courtship that displayed the strong character of Mr. Carnegie was recalled by the recent death of Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, widow of General Thomas A. Scott, who was of General Thomas A. Scott, who was calls him "Whistling Jack." That is the ame he goes by in the west. of General Thomas A. Scott, who was is the name he goes by in the west, for years president of the Pennsylva- where he always whistles, except when where he always whistles, except when

of the Pittsburg Gazette. Mr. Carnegie was young then and fascinated, and
he thought so much of his young sweetheart that he arranged one day, during
a visit to Mr. Scott, his superior, to

when the Montana numer said larewell to Roosevelt the room was crowded with senators and other distinguished people. The vice president introduced him to everybody. "I call
him 'Whistling Jack," said Mr. Rooseave the latter meet "his Annie."

President Scott was older, a widower and one of the frondsomest and most "remember once we were out when the thermometer was mighty near zero for three days and nights, and we had no food but pan bread. We were hunting grizzly at the time, and though Jack will not admit it, I think he lost his bearings, and I helped him find the

way."
"That's right," said Willis, "and I want to say that the governor is as good a guide as any of them if you let him go over the country once. He's going out bear hunting with me again."

"As sure as I'm living now," said Roosevelt.

It was Mr. Hoar who offered the

admounced the vice president.

Mr. Aldrich shook his head and went through all manner of pantomime to indicate to Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Hoar, as the mover of the resolution, was entitled to that hone. It took the vice president some minutes to appreciate Mr. Aldrich's frantic gestures, but when he finally understood their mean-ing and named Mr. Hoar, everybody in

(New York Evening Journal.) William Waldorf Astor's "Pharaoh's Daughter and Other Stories" has made its appearance in this country in spite of the following stipulations which he The volume shall not be reprinted in

Manuscript.

the United States. It shall not be placed on sale in the United States.

It shall not be advertised in the United States.

It shall not get into the United States if the author can prevent it.

The volume contains something more

Roosevelt Easily the Most Interesting Figure in the Body.

(Washington Post.)

Theodore Roosevelt is easily the most interesting figure in the new senate. Popular interest in him is so great that for the moment, at least, Senator Hanna is forgotten.

Roosevelt's - picturesque personality Hanna is forgotten.

Roosevelt's picturesque personality reach page 192 in the story of "Braban-tio's Love." There the reader finds himself in his position, and his bubbling self face to face with a mermaid decidedly out of her element. This young continuous all appear to the visitor.

attracts. His breezy, bustling way, his unconventional efforts to harness himself in his position, and his bubbling enthusiasm all appeal to the visitor. "Show us Teddy Roosevelt," say all the strangers to the guides. He occupies the center of the stage.

Accustomed to the calcium light of public opinion, the vice president bears himself with dignity in his new position. Of course he makes mistakes, who wouldn't? But the beauty of it is that he at once acknowledges that they are not repeated. He is so anxious to do just what the senate thinks he ought to do, and so sincere in his desire to be thoroughly impartial and friendly, that the senators are already predicting for him much success.

The first motion which Mr. Roosevelt submitted to the senate was offered by Senator Hoar, and proposed that the senate should proceed to the consideration of executive business.

With a bow Mr. Roosevelt turned toward the Republican side. "All who are in favor will say aye," he said. Then, with a nother bow, he leaned toward the Democratic side. "All who are opposed will say no," he remarked. All the Democratic side. "All who are opposed will say no," he remarked. All the Democratic side. "All who are opposed will say no," he remarked. All the Democratic side work the senate he spoke with a still, small voice that was hardly audible acrostine that the senate he spoke with a still, small voice that was hardly audible acrostine that whe heaving mr. Roosevelt in the corridor, "you talk just a little bit too low."

The next day there was a revolution of Captain Blythe, formerly of the with a manuscript of the senate he spoke with a still, small voice that was hardly audible acrostine that the manuscript have been effaced. It has been made the problem of the minuscript have been effaced. It has been made the problem of the minuscript have been effaced. It has been made the problem of the minuscript have been effaced. It has been made the problem of the minuscript have been effaced. It has been made the problem of the minuscript ha

At one point in "Pnaraous ter" Mr. Astor, or his translator, thoughtfully notes that three lines of the manuscript have been effaced. It had been much better if pages had suffered effacement.

The second story, to avoid confusion in time, is carefully dated Dec. 25, 1890, and turns from mummy cases to the

and turns from mummy cases to the cosy Piccadilly bachelor apartments of Captain Blythe, formerly of the Tenth Rifles. The captain is perusing Thiers' "Austerlitz," the history of Napoleon's campaigns, and for all the reader knows, he suddenly falls asleep.

A Cossack soldier comes into the A Cossack soldier comes into the room and takes him before the Czar Alexander and the Emperor Francis of Austria. They recall to him that he has been reading Thiers, and the czar then tells him who he is and the Emperor Francis of Austria. Then the battle begins, the blunders of 1805 are repeated and Blythe is condemned to

death.

He awakes, as it were, with an ansuraism of the heart and dies within a short time. Mr. Astor calls this a Christmas story. It certainly suggests leath and not birthday.

For "Monsieur de Neron" the reader s whirled to Paris and informed on the first page, in small type, that it is October 25, 1894. Here again, Mr. Astor does not shoulder the story, but places it as a burden upon an of 64, who figures intermittently as "I." In brief, the story tells of the rein-

In brief, the story tells of the reincarnation of Nero, some very nice talks with him in very nice English, and the burning of the Tuillerles. There is a picture of Mr. Nero at the window, but no suggestion of a fiddle. The old gentleman ends his tale with the information that he fears Neron, and for that reason always sleeps with a revolver beneath his ofilow. and for that reason always sleeps with a revolver beneath his pillow.

Mr. Astor cannot let the thing end without a thrust at Americans. He has the old man speak of the "expressive vernacular" of Americans, that the American revolver "means business every time." The last thing in the story is an exclamation point after the word "time." It is just one instant anterior to the most of the m story is an exclamation point after the word "time." It is just one instant anterior to the reader's exclamation.

In "Under the Black Flag" Mr, Astor comes over to America, setting his scene in November, 1700, "at the season of reddening leaves," the literary longest-way-round for autumn, in the Anglo-Dutch colony of New York. He has penned for his English brothers a description of Manhattan island at this period. Captain Kidd and his long, low, rakish craft, carronades, skulland-bones flags, treasure and other piratical properties embellish the tale.

When the story opens the colony is experiencing "sharp emotion" upon learning that Captain Kidd's pirate sloop with himself and his bloody crew is casting anchor "in the incomparable beauty and the autumnal pathos of their midst."

The story begins with a rendezvous between Captain Kidd and his burghers, Rem Rapalye and Rip Van Dam at the house of Diana Mietjen, in Broadway. Kidd discloses to them a plan to seize the colony for the house of Orange. All Kidd asked, in event of Success, was a temperature.

success, was a temporary governorship and orders from Holland.

The confab is interrupted by the delivery of a letter at the house demanding Kidd's surrender at Boston, threatening him with being outlawed if he disobeyed. The Dutchmen decline to entertain Kidd's proposal and he sails away, mad as a horner. away, mad as a hornet.

His lieutenant. Bendthebow, who has been having a love affair with Diana's stepdaughter Amanda, is loth to leave. While the sloop is going up the East river Kidd calls Bendthebow to him and says he is tired of piracy and in-ends to give it up, incidentally hiding is treasure chest.

his treasure chest.

He adds that there is one thing he must send over the ship's side "with a cannon ball tied in its midst." This is his black flag. In good time his chest is taken ashore in this remarkable way:

chest is taken ashore in this remarkable way:

It is put in a boat with Kidd and Bendthebow and four rowers, "the chest in their midst." As Mr. Astor makes no further mention of burying the chest, this "in their midst" was probably its resting place, temporarily, at least. And that's the last you hear of Kidd. The story ends in a wedding. The last story in the book, "Madame Recamier's Secret." suggests a tollet preparation for the preservation of perennial youth. But it is not.

#### MEETS HIS WATERLOO.

Captivated Fair Fellow-passenger Who Proved to be a Book Agent. (Brooklyn Times.)

He used to be a ticket-taker in a loca mashing proclivities to such a degre that he finally lost his position He entered a Broadway elevated train at Gates avenue and took a seat opposite a tall, attractive looking, and well dressed woman with meadow-hay colored hair and an inviting presence.

He heid his copy of a yellow journal high up at first, and ostentatiously appeared to be indifferent to the presence of the fair one, but fretty soon the paper was lowered, and the full front of curled mustache, a really fine countenance, and a fashionable hat and necktie were allowed to get in their expected fine work.

They apparently did, for soon the objective of his sidelong glances dropped a glova, and when he impulsively stooped to recover it and they bumped heads there was the usual explosion of "O, dears!" and "Pardon me!" and "So stupid!" etc., and he plainly showed by his glances at the other men in the car that he considered his fish landed.

They talked for two stations, and all the susceptibles in the vehicle were beginning to envy him, when, reaching un-He entered a Broadway elevated train They talked for two stations, and at the susceptibles in the vehicle were be ginning to envy him, when, reaching un der the seat, the inviting one drew fort a kangaroo satchel and from it took book. Then, from the change of his face a sort of frightened look, the observer knew he was up against a snag, an when the woman's tongue went at forty nine and he shifted in his seat there we no doubt of a fluke, and just as the me began grinning an impulse to jump u and leave at the Marcy avenue statio took him out of the reach of reproach ful eyes and tightly drawn lips.

Sturgeon Becoming Extinct. It shall not get into the United States if the author can prevent it. The volume contains something more than 200 pages—twelve stories and twenty-five illustrations. Three of the stories concern Cliefden, or Cliveden, Mr. Astor's palatial estate, and savor somewhat of advertising.

The twelve titles are: "Pharaoh's Sturgeon Becoming Extinct. Unless strong measures are taken the sturgeon will soon be extinct in the Lake Huron and Georgia bay district. The fish are being slaughtered at a fearful rate, one firm alone having shipped 70,000 pounds of caviare in the season. The role is the part of the fish that is most valuable, and as they are therefore taken just before spawning they have no chance to reproduce themselves.

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